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Rhymings

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THIS LITTLE VOLUME OF

RHYMINGS

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO

MY DEAR MOTHER.

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RHYMINGS.

JOY BELLS.



ARK to the merry bells,
As in yon tall tower they ring ;
What is the tale their music tells ?
What is the song they sing ?
Knell ! Knell ! Knell !
Lift to the song of the bell,
"Whoever thou art ;
Of a breaking heart
And blighted hopes we tell."

"Enter in at the porch,"
The joy-bells seem to shout,
'Tis an auction-room, and not a church,
Though no red flag hangs out.

Sold ! Sold ! Sold !

The tale has been often told—

Body and heart,

Like a slave at the mart,

Bartered away for gold.

In bridal garb arrayed,

Though the rose from her cheek has fled,

At the altar-foot stands a lovely maid,

And wishes she were dead !

Tears ! tears ! tears !

Heart tears, though the lids are dry :

There's hell in the soul of that maiden fair—

On her pallid lips a lie.

With eyes all glassy and dull,

By her side a grey-beard old,

Of figures his head like a ledger full,

His heart a lump of gold.

Oh, man, with sister dear,

Oh, man, with mother and wife,

'Tis not a bridal you witness here,

But—the death of a fair young life.

He, who had won her heart,

In happy days gone by,

Now standeth in the gloom apart,
All fad and mournfully.
Crushed ! Crushed ! Crushed !
For a little golden dust,
His joys all fled,
His hopes all dead,
A noble spirit lost.

Sold is that fair young thing—
If not her heart, her hand ;
Alas ! what power could she bring
Against a fire's command ?
Bartered away and sold,
Body and heart, for gold—
Bartered away,
To that dotard grey,
For the damning greed of gold.

There fide by fide they stand,
Repeating the vows by turns ;
He places a ring on that marble hand,
And the hoop, like fire, burns.
Love ! Honor ! Obey !
Say the lips, but the heart is dumb.
She fain would weep, she tries to pray,
But nor prayers nor tears will come.

Behind the altar-rail,
In accents sweet and clear,
Binding for aye that cursed sale,
Stands the reverend auctioneer.
Going! Going! Gone—
The deed is quickly done
By that plain gold ring;
Winter and Spring
For life, are joined in one.

Prayed is the last short prayer,
And—joyous fight to see—
The minister, blessing the happy pair,
Pockets his golden fee.
Sold! Sold! Sold!
Let the bells be sadly tolled,
Better to knell
For a funeral,
Than a barter of hearts for gold.

Gone is the bridal-train,
But the bells, with their silver tone,
Still echo through the sacred fane
As I stand there alone.

Knell ! Knell ! Knell !


“This seems the song of the bell :

Some bridals are made

In heaven, 'tis said,

But this was forged in hell.”

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

AY-DREAM of youth, children of Love and
Spring,
Buds zephyr-culled from Heaven's celestial
Bowers,


Now fallen to earth, but stainless—wandering
Through this cold, heartless, loveless world of ours ;
Ah ! know ye not the bud must change to flower,
The flower wither ere the day grows old,
Your goffamer woof of love hath not the power
To guard from burning noon, from evening cold.

The morning stars pale with the sun's awaking ;
The morning skies blush with his coming ray ;
The morning-glories, dew-drops from them shaking,
Wither and droop, and close at early day.

The matin song of birds from nest upspringing,
Wakes us from dreams of happy coming years ;
Their vesper chaunts now tremulously singing,
Echo 'mid cypress boughs, of woe and tears.

Then cull your flowers while the dawn still lingers,
Dream love-dreams still, ye'll waken all too soon ;
Hid 'neath the leaves, sharp thorns will pierce your
fingers ;
Blossoms and dreams will vanish ere the noon ;
The tempest wrack shall cloud the sky ere even ;
The lightning rend the giant oak in twain ;
Wand'ers from Paradise, fly back to Heaven,
There seek, there find eternal love again.

LONG AGO.

OST thou remember, lady fair,
The willow by the river side?
One eve we sat together there
You promised to become my bride.
But stay, fair lady, speak it not,—
Thy answer I already know;
Those happy hours are all forgot,
For it was very long ago.

Dost call to mind the grassy lane,
All hidden in the little grove,—
Can memory bring it back again?
'Twas there I told thee of my love!
Thy willing hand was clasped in mine,
Thy lips,—say, did they answer No?
'Tis past! and why should I repine,—
For it was very long ago.


Dost call to mind the trembling kiss
I pressed upon thy burning cheek?
Hast thou forgot the words of bliss
Thine eyes did look, thy voice did speak?
Nay, lady, do not weep! Thy tears
Have now no right for me to flow.
I thought to share thy hopes and fears,—
But it was very long ago.

The willow by the stream is dead,
The grassy lane, the grove, both gone,—
And thou art to another wed!
I wander through the world alone.
Yet oft unbidden bursts a sigh,
And down my cheeks in sorrow flow
The tears I weep for days gone by,
And memories of long ago.

THE LYRE OF LOVE.

“Θέλω λεγειν Ατρειδας.”

ANACREON.

 STRIVE to sing of many a theme,
As o'er the strings my fingers move,
But hushed and silent is the stream
Of music, till my song is Love.

To lay of Sorrow first I struck
The lyre that once breathed music sweet,
Each chord, when touched, that instant broke,—
It would not e'en one note repeat.

Ambition next for theme I chose,
But silent still the lyre remained;
It seemed as if in Death repose
Each breathless sound and chord was chained.

I'll sing of Friendship, then I said,
This theme at least will break the charm;
The lyre at Friendship's call was dead,—
E'en this the spell could not disarm.

Joy! Thou shalt wake my song, I cried,—
In vain! no melody was there;
The stubborn harp a moment sighed,
Then ceased, as if in mute despair.

One effort more,—of Love I'll sing,
Again the tuneless lyre I'll try;
I took the harp, I touched the string,
Across the wires my fingers fly;

And then in wild, ecstatic fire,
The music ran the chords along;
I whispered, as I kissed the lyre,
Henceforth I'll sing no other song.

ANIMA MEA.



ASK me not why I love thee, 'twere as well

Question the roses why they love the rain ;

Or bid the trailing morning-glories tell

Why, when the Orient Heaven puts on again

Its rainbow tabard, heralding the day,

They ope their petals, heavy with the dew.

Anima Mea, I can only say,

My waking soul rose upward in the blue

Ether of thy dear presence, from the earth,

Where it had lain like sky-lark through the night

Of all my former life ; and, breaking forth

In ecstasies of such a new delight,

It could but mount and sing ; what though the heaven

Were far too distant for its flagging wing,

And it must, drooping, fall to earth ere even ;

What though past joys are sadly vanishing,

And tempest clouds drive 'twixt me and the plain,

I ne'er can find my meadow-nest again.

TO DELILAH.



ES! all are here, the once prized gifts,
Now valueless as withered flowers;
And Mem'ry for a moment lifts
The curtain from that past of ours.
That past, when, as before some shrine,
Where but the holiest vows are given,
My heart, to that false heart of thine
Knelt down and prayed, methought to Heaven.

Aye, prayed to Heaven! my love for thee
A flight of rainbow steps did seem,
Down which God's Angels came to me
And whispered, as in Jacob's dream.
The dream is past—the slumber o'er;
Around me, but a desert plain;
Thou art, what thou hadst been before,
And I—well, I am free again.

All, said I? No! thou hast retained
The only things I craved of thee;
Oh give them back again; tho' stained,
They are of priceless worth to me.
Yes, here the book, and here the gem
Less beautiful and less false than thou.
Ah! why didst not return with them
The ardent hopes, all vanished now.

Oh, give again those ardent hopes,
Lost beacons of my wasted years;
Devoid of them, the future opens
A barren waste, all mist and tears.
Give back the truth I plighted thee;
Give back the trusting Love I gave;
Or shipwrecked on life's stormy sea,
I sink beneath the overwhelming wave.

And thou wouldst have me, too, return
Each record of those happy days?
Well dost thou know that I would scorn
To treasure still these mockeries?
I send thee each material trace
Of what thou wert, of what thou art;
Would 'twere as easy to efface
And blot thine image from my heart.

Here is the trefs of golden hair
 I took from off thy snowy brow ;
 Is not the kifs still lingering there ?
 Dost thou not feel it burning now ?
 Thou may'st erase that kifs no more
 Than human hand can wash the blood
 Of murder'd Rizzio from the floor
 Of Mary's bower in Holy Rood.

Oh ! I am powerlefs to deal
 With life, for thou haft made me weak.
 Thy kifs, Delilah, still I feel,
 Thy lying kifs upon my cheek.
 Yet still from flumber I awake,
 And hurl this thraldom from my mind ;
 Thus, traitrefs, thus thy bonds I break,
 And thank my God I am not blind.


What's this ? a tear ! well, let it fall,
 'Tis not the firft, 'twill be the laft :
 And with it, now I banifh all
 My thought of thee, thine hour is paft !
 'Twas near two thoufand years ago—
 The tale is old ; haft thou not read
 How Judas bought perdition fo,
 And with a kifs his Lord betrayed ?

Room for the Leper ! tho' the crowd
May yield due homage to thy state,
And cringe and smile, in anguish bowed
Thy soul shall sit without the gate.
Perchance thou may'st conceal thy shame,
Poor leman, from the world unseen,
Thy heart shall utter still the same
Foul leper's cry, "Unclean ! unclean !"

Thou hadst thy price, and it is paid ;
That peerless form of thine is sold.
Hearts were not mentioned in the trade,
They fell for love,—but thou for gold.
Bought is thy life—thy hand—thy face,—
A perjured vow—a ring—and then
Bought is each loving, fond embrace ;
Thou'rt but a wedded Magdalen.

I almost pity thee thy fate,
Life fettered, like a galley-slave ;
In anguish thou shalt seek, too late,
Some power to succor and to save.
Too late on earth ; the anointed feet
Need not thy tears, thy golden hair ;
He sits upon the mercy seat—
Perchance thou'lt find forgiveness there.

DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI.


OME, home at last,
Weary and cold,
Poor, weak, and old,
Bending beneath the weight of sorrows past,
Blind to the gifts of mercy manifold,
Looking out on the vast
Unfathomable ocean of To Come.
Hopes now all vanished, earthly joys all past,
Groping with outstretched arms amid the gloom,
And clouds of doubt hung round for auguries
Of that dear promise, which upon the Cross
Our Saviour gave the sinner at his side.
Our Saviour, mine ! yes, 'twas for me He died.
In that dread hour he hears the sinner's cries ;
In that dread hour he listens, and replies,
"Thou art forgiven,
Count other gain but loss.

With faltering footsteps follow me to Heaven ;
Turn from the earth, look upward to the skies,
To-day thou'lt be with me in Paradise."

Home, home at last,
Weighed down with pain ;
The dust and travel stain
Of wasted years hang heavy on my brow ;
Earth's choicest gifts but dust and ashes now.
Bending beneath a burthen I would fain
Lay at His feet whose vast
And boundless mercy held me up so long ;
Yet at those bleeding feet I dare not cast
My heavy load. Were they not pierced for me ?
Did he not hang upon the 'curfed tree ?
Redeeming me ; while I—I held the spear
That pierced His side ;
I crowned the reed with gall ;
I mocked and scourged, reviled and crucified ;
And dare I now at this last hour call
On Him for aid, now at the set of sun,
My work time over, and the daylight gone ?
When in my hand, sole offering, I bring
A buried talent to my God and King ?
Dying on Crofs, the Saviour still replies,
"To-day thou'lt be with me in Paradise."

Home, home at last,
Humbly repenting,
Father, relenting,
Take to thy arms again an erring son,
At my great sinfulness stand not aghast.
Jesus, my Saviour, be thou, too, consenting :
Thou who didst tell the Prodigal's return.
I have sadly passed
The years since first I left thee, wandering far
From Home and Thee, without the guiding star
Of thy dear teachings ;—heaviness and pain
Have travelled with me ; now I come again,
Praying thy pardon for the gifts I've wasted,
Asking forgiveness for the ill-spent years.
Brimming with sweetness seemed the cup I tasted,
But oh ! the dregs were bitterness and tears.
Canst thou forgive me ?
See me humbly kneeling ;
Jesus, my Saviour, oh again receive me,
Listen to my agonized appealing ;
I read thy promise on the western skies,
"To-day thou'lt be with me in Paradise."

THE SEWING GIRL'S SONG.

 EARILY, wearily stitching,
From morning till late in the night,
To make some young lady bewitching,
Whose heart, beating light
'Neath the robe that we sew,
Never, never will know,
Why the tiffue so bright
Is dimmed here and there,
And perchance would not care
Were she told that our tears
Make each spot that appears
Like a stain on the stuff.
But enough, girls, enough ;
Your needles keep plying,
We are not paid for crying.

ABSENCE.



USHED is my harp, as o'er its unstrung chords
My fingers idly sweep, the burning words
That echo in my heart, vainly essay
To murmur on my lip. Through the long day
My flagging mind is powerless but to turn
And dream of vanished joys. I can but mourn
Thy absence, as we mourn the flowers departed,
And summer past. I thought to be strong-hearted,
When thou wert gone, and hurry back again
To the cold world. But vain the struggle, vain
Are all my efforts. Round me is a spell
Like that with which the moon, as poets tell,
Guides every motion of the stormy sea;
So in my thought I can but follow thee;—
And as, when all around is rayless night,
In one long golden line of love and light
The moon is mirrored in its heaving breast,
So in my heart thy image is impressed.

Pale Dian calmly sits enthroned on high,
Peerless amid the stars, while toward the sky
The sea lifts up its waves as if in prayer,
Asking a smile, and she all coldly there
Looks down unconscious. Lady, did the gleam
Of thy dark eyes upon thy lover beam
As coldly bright? Or did their lids conceal
How much, though calm the brow, the heart could
feel?

As the poor cripple, through long weary years
Of pain and anguish lay, 'mid hopes and fears,
Waiting the Angel-visitant to cool
And stir the waters of Bethesda's pool,
Whose troubled wave should give him health once
more—

Thus my lone heart sits idly by the shore
Of the dim future, waiting thy return ;
And when on western hills at sunset, burn
Beacons of bright To-morrows, toward the sky
My eyes I turn ; and when I see on high
'Mid twilight's gloom the crescent moon appear,
I dream the pool is stirred, the angel draweth near.

THE BLIND BOY TO HIS BROTHER
IN CHURCH.



AM not blind, dear Brother, now,
For, though I cannot see—
Though darkness overspreads my brow—
The Gospel shines for me.

Lift, Brother, lift! each holy word
Is graven on my mind;
I could not see, but then I heard,—
Brother, I am not blind!

Father! to whom all suplicants kneel,
I ask not worldly fight;
Oh, hear a poor blind boy's appeal
For more of Heavenly light!

A FAREWELL.

FAREWELL ! Farewell ! I scarce can bring
My trembling lips to speak the word ;
Its hated accents seem to ring
Like funeral chimes by mourners heard ;
It drags me from the dreamy past,—
Of buried hopes it tolls the knell,
And happiness retreats aghast
Before the dreaded word—Farewell !

No more of love, no more of home,
No more of every joy I prize,
The parting hour at length has come,
And even friendship withering dies.
No more ! What thoughts of deep despair
Those bitter words of anguish tell !
No hope of future resting there,
To light the sadness of Farewell !

Adieu! To thee I will not speak
Of what I fancied once might be,—
'Twould bring a blush upon thy cheek,
In pity for my misery.
I will not claim the single tear
Thou couldst not hide, were I to tell
Of what thou need'st not, must not, hear,—
'Tis whispered in this last Farewell!

Perchance, when ocean rolls between,
Thou'lt sometimes kindly think of one,
Forgetting what he would have been,—
Remember only he is gone.
Perchance, when all around seems gay,
Thy thoughts may for a moment dwell
On him who must not, dare not stay,
But bids thee now a last Farewell!

Adieu! adieu! I meant to go
With changeless cheek and tearless eye,
Nor deemed 'twould wring my spirit so,
To speak one little word—Good-bye!
I thought to wear a careless smile,
And with a merry laugh to tell—
Although my heart should break, the while—
Some idle jest, and then—Farewell!

Yet, fare thee well! I ne'er shall bend

My knee at morn and eve in prayer,
But supplications shall ascend .

For thee to Heaven, entreating there
That angel hands may round thee twine

A wreath of happiness, a spell
Of sunny hours, that constant shine,
Nor ever bid, as I, Farewell!

THE BROOK.



LASHING, dashing, comes the rill,
Rumbling, tumbling, down the hill,
Swollen with the winter snows,
Swifter on its course it goes,
Flinging gems on bush and sprav,
As it passes on its way
To the ice-encumbered river,
Where its drops are lost forever
In the swollen tide that runs
To the South, where tropic suns,
While it knows not of its danger,
Warm to melt the northern stranger.
Stopping, as it comes along,
To repeat its little song,
In the pool it loves to linger,
While Jack Frost, with fairy finger,

Strives to bind it in his net,
Fain would lead it to forget
That it still must on, though weary,
On, through the world, though cold and dreary,
On, though it leaves all joy behind it ;
On, though the Sirens strive to bind it ;
To the great Gulf it still must flee,—
The river of Eternity.

WED NOT FOR GOLD.


WOULDST wed for gold? Seek yonder palace-
gate,
Where liveried menials at the entrance wait;
They guard the porch 'gainst all of low degree,
But thou, unseen, shalt enter there with me,
And learn a lesson from a gilded page;
Too true the tale it tells, from age to age,
Of wealth and misery joining hand in hand.
See yonder lady fair; would'st understand
Why on her youthful brow that shadow rests?
Can it be true that aught of grief molests
One who is mistress of a home like this?
What! can not riches buy e'en earthly bliss?
Fool! list the moral that this scene imparts:
She purchased wealth—with what—two broken hearts!
Scarce one short year ago, a youthful pair
Plighted their troth, and swore through life to share,
Whether for weal or woe, a mutual lot;

But wealth came riding by, and she forgot
Her faith, his love ; alas ! poor girl, she sold
His earthly happiness, her Heaven, for gold !
Where is he now, that poor heart-broken boy ?
When he beheld his all of earthly joy
Gone, gone for ever with the rich man's bride,—
The church-yard tells the mournful tale—" he died."
And is she happy now ? No ; every scene
She looks upon but tells what might have been.
Though decked in costly filks and satins rare,
Though priceless jewels glitter in her hair,
Though blessed with every thing that wealth can buy,
Still, is she happy ? Lift the stifled sigh
Bursting unbidden from her aching breast !
It sometimes finds a voice, though oft repressed ;
And in that sigh a truthful tale is told :
Go, write it on thy heart, then wed for gold !

Wouldst wed for gold ? Seek yonder humble cot ;
There wealth and misery are alike forgot ;
Wide open stands the hospitable door,
And welcome he who enters, rich or poor ;
Contentment smiles around with homely grace ;
Here jaundiced Avarice with saffron face
Would e'en forget his hoards of yellow dust,
And give his millions, could he share the crust

That honest labor renders ever sweet,
(Not always such the luxuries of the great).
See from his daily toil the cotter come :
Full well he knows the loved one waits him home ;
Little cares he to share the rich man's part,
His mine of wealth is one true woman's heart ;
Like those twin stars that mariners descry
When looking Heavenward in the northern sky,
They seek the Polar Star to track their way
O'er pathless seas, but, lest they wandering stray
And choose some other orb, the Pointers guide
To it alone, heedless of all beside ;
Revolving ever, still they never rove
From out the path that guards the star they love.
So woman's rich affections, pure and true,
Once gained, will ever fondly cling to you,
Though all else change. Let good or ill betide,
Faint not, blest man, an angel's at thy side !
Constant in death, she whispering points above :
" Dearest, we'll meet in Heaven, for Heaven is love."
Think well on this, ye fools that seek to gain
A fleeting pleasure for an age of pain !
'Tis short-lived pleasure wealth alone can give,
And happier far, methinks, 'twould be to live
Poor but contented. Now my tale is told ;
Go, write it on thy heart, then wed for gold !

“I BRING THEE, LOVE, NO
COSTLY GEMS.”

 BRING thee, love, no costly gems,
To decorate thy golden hair,
Fresh flowers are Nature's diadems,—
Then let them bloom in fragrance there.

The wave-washed Pearl, from ocean caves,
The Indian Ruby's roseate dye,
The Diamond, frozen tear of slaves,
Were dim beside thy sparkling eye!

The Opal, rainbow-kissed, may lend
Fresh charms to many a form less bright,
But jewels, love, would vainly blend
With thine that ask no borrowed light!

Then take the Rose, its sunset hue
A fleeting blush upon thy cheek,—
The Heliotrope, whose modest blue
Seems ever of thine eyes to speak.

The Lily on thine ivory brow,
Contrasted with its snowy white,
Were dull,—then, love, I pray thee now,
Enwreath thy hair with flowers to-night.

FALSE CHARITY.



YE ! give your thousands in an idle cause,
Break through your fathers' and your country's
laws,

Forget the precepts once so dearly prized,
Be all your former principles despised !
But, while ye drain your hoards for other lands,
Can ye be blind to what your own demands ?
Can ye o'erlook the many suffering poor
Who beg their daily bread from door to door ?
Pleading the task of aiding foreign slaves,
Deny to them the mite their hunger craves !
Bestowing millions on some project wild,
Refuse a penny to a famished child !
All this ye do, vain fools !—all this, and more !
And is it Charity that claims your store ?
Ask yourselves this ; draw back the misty veil
That hides your hearts,—let conscience tell the tale.

Does aught of charity the gold supply?
What, no response! Wilt give me no reply?
Then I will answer truly for ye all:
'Tis Pride!—the sin that caused an angel's fall!
'Tis Pride!—that hurled a holy spirit down
From highest Heaven, and caused a God to frown
On those he loved the dearest, best, before!
Oh, search your hearts, and gather from your store
At least the crumbs, and give them to the poor.
'Twas but an hour ago I saw a form
That dragged scarce half a body through the storm,
'Twixt bending crutches, slowly on his way,
From closing door and closing door, to pray
A little aid, to save his only son;
And unassisted, still he tottered on.
I know not if 'twas pity bade me speak,—
I could not help it, for he looked so weak,
Methought that every step would be his last;
He seemed to stagger in the wintry blast
As if he had not strength to hold him up.
Poor man! he must have drained the bitter cup
Of pain and penury e'en to the dregs!—
And now—the hardest pang of all—he begs
From men of wealth a mite, to save his boy,—
Not for himself,—no! sooner far destroy
His hated life, and end at once his woe;

But for his child he will descend so low,
And cringe to avarice, can he only save
His chiefest joy and blessing from the grave.
Lift to the tale he tells!—Columbians, hear!
And for the love of all you hold most dear,
Forget it not.—Remember those at home.
First give to these, then let your pity roam
O'er all the world;—chief in your hearts should be
Your country's claims,—not those beyond the sea!
“Six years ago went up a mighty cry,
From North and South, of War and Liberty.
With many thousands more I took the field,
Resolved to die or conquer, ne'er to yield;
In many a battle willingly I shed
My blood like rain. A brother left I dead,
On Cerro Gordo's sanguinary plain;
At Cherubusco's fight I stood again,
Close by another; he, too, dying, fell
E'en at my feet! O God! I loved him well!—
Yet on, still on, I pressed, till—harder lot—
I, too, fell—wounded by a cruel shot;—
Which left me as you see, yet killed me not.—
A helpless, useless, broken-hearted man,
At last I gained my home.” Hear this who can,
And check the blood that mantles o'er your brow:
His grateful country has forgot him now,—

His withered laurel has to cypress turned ;—
From ev'ry door the wounded man is spurned,
While eager hands throw down the heaps of gold
Before a self-made idol,—as of old,
When Israël at Jehovah dared to laugh,
And gave their wealth to build a molten calf.
But list the tale : “ I gained my native land,
Maimed, and in want. Of all that stalwart band
Who, but a year before, went forth in pride,
But few remained,—the greater part had died .
Of fell disease ; or, on the battle-field,
Face to the foe. Columbia's fame was sealed
And signed in blood ! Wives, parents, children, mourn
Loved ones departed, never to return !
Full many a widow welcomed us with tears ;
Our grateful country welcomed us with cheers,—
Then gave us—to requite the blood we shed—
Medals !—which we were forced to sell for bread !
Aye ! sell for bread ; no other means remained,
To stay our hunger.—Medals, bravely gained,
For food and raiment ! ” God, in whom I trust,
Are such things true ? Can it be right or just
To aid each useless and chimeric scheme
With wasted thousands ? Strive to fill a stream
With drops of water till it flood its banks,
Repay a friend's devotedness with thanks ;

Attempt to curb the whirlwind with thine arm ;
Preach love to tigers, silence to the storm,—
When these ye do, 'tis time enough to free
The shackled nations by thy charity.
Begin at home—there's many an object here
Has claims upon thy bounty, far more near
Than those ye aid so freely, far more dear
To every honest, patriotic heart,—
Claims that are pressed with no rhetoric art,
But plead in withered frames, and sunken eyes !
Delay no longer, lest another dies
Ere ye resolve. Haste, haste, the hours fly fast !
Though late, determine to be just, at last.

“NEVER DESPAIR.”




EVER despair! Press ahead on thy way,
Fear not though the clouds lower darkling to-
day,

Fear not though thy heart is encurtained in
gloom,

Press onward! To-morrow the sunshine may come.
The day-star is there, and ere long 'twill be shining,
The Heavens are blue, then away with repining.
The pathway before thee, though steep, is still open,
Press on! though the road may be rugged and broken;
You ne'er can replenish a light purse with grieving,
Then let a light heart be the balance relieving;
'Twill weigh down the purse and e'en make you forget it,
'Twill fill it, perchance, if you only will let it.
A heart that is light is a true golden treasure,
For it joys in itself, nor looks elsewhere for pleasure.
'Tis a sun ever shining on all who are near it;
'Tis a sweet playing lute to whoever may hear it;

'Tis a mirror reflecting all others in gladness ;
'Tis a curtain to hang o'er the dark brow of sadness ;
A diamond that shines, though surrounded in gloom ;
A lamp to illumine the mists of the tomb.
Never despair ! Life yet is remaining,
To give thee fresh chance of the vict'ry obtaining.
Far, far in the distance hope beckons thee on,
Think not of the idle days faded and gone.
Think not of thy former misfortunes with sorrow,
Resolve to retrieve them to-day and to-morrow.
Though friends may forsake thee, the cold world be
frowning,
Press on ! and success shall thy efforts be crowning.
Press on ! for the sun in thy sky soon may set,
Then waste not the moments in useless regret ;
No time now is left to reflect on lost chances,
Thy life every hour to its ending advances.
Let all thy transactions be honest and fair,
And e'en let thy watchword be, “Never Despair !”

“I SAW HER FIRST AMID A
THRONG.”

 SAW her first amid a throng
Of gallants brave and ladies fair ;
Hers was the gayest, happiest song—
She was the brightest being there.

A happy smile played 'round her mouth,
Like sunshine on a placid lake
When zephyrs from the sunny South
The golden-dimpled ripples wake.

I scarcely dared to ask the name
Of her who seemed so fair and bright,
Yet to my brow the heart-blood came,
As near me oft she passed that night.

We met again, and I had known
On life's dark ocean many a storm ;
Full many a year had swiftly flown,—
And oh ! how changed that angel form !

The hand of Death was on her brow,
So low her voice she scarce could speak ;
Her hazel eye was sunken now,
And pallid the once rosy cheek,—

Save where a deep carnation flush
Was shining on the snowy white ;
I knew it was a flower whose blush
Foretold the quickly coming night.

'Twas on the rolling deep we met,
She fought for health a sunnier shore,
But ere the second sun had set,
Her pilgrimage of life was o'er.

Yet still that happy smile was there ;
Cold, heartless Death forgot his power,
And pitying, resolved to spare
The beauty of the withered flower.

Poor girl ! alas, no tree shall wave
 Its drooping branches o'er thy head,
 For fathomless the ocean grave
 Where thou wast calmly, sadly laid.

No love-sown flower e'er shall bloom
 Above the spot where thou dost sleep ;
 No sculptured stone shall mark thy tomb,
 For friends to wander there and weep.

Yet many a heart enshrines thee still,
 And many a thought and tear are given,
 While hopes, rich hopes, each bosom fill,
 To meet thy angel soul in Heaven.

I saw her once again in dreams,
 And very oft those dreams return ;
 An angel all of light she seems,
 And, smiling, bids me cease to mourn.

She points her finger toward the skies,
 And bids me look in faith above,
 Seek there a Bride that never dies,
 A heaven of unending love.


Yes, angel, yes ! though distant far
From friends, and home, and all I fray,
Thou art the radiant Beacon star
That guides my wavering, wandering way.

THE FORSAKEN.

FEEL no more thy cruel art,
And bid adieu with tearless eye;
I cannot free again my heart,
But I can let it break and die.
Perchance I e'en shall strive to smile,
When thou art to another wed;
But I implore thee, wait awhile,
Nor claim thy bride till I am dead.

I thought not thus the dream would end,—
Oh, 'twas a hard and bitter waking!
But cease thy falseness to defend,
Go and forget the heart now breaking.
The evening sun may rise to-morrow,
The parting ship return to shore,
Alas my hopes have set in sorrow,
Have set to rise again no more.


OUR FATHERS.

ONG time they bore oppression uncomplained,
Long time, till tyranny despotic reigned,
Till they could bear no longer, and they prayed
Unto the God of battles for His aid.

And then they all in solemn concert swore,
Never to rest until from out their shore,
They'd cleansed the stain that o'er it like a pall
Of death and blackness hung, and till through all
The length and breadth of their loved land the rays
Of Liberty's bright sunshine drove the haze
And dark cloud of oppression o'er the main,
Back to proud Albion's shores in haste again.
And as the prairie when the firebrand
Has touched its border, so o'er all the land,
When once the torch of liberty was fired,
The flames quick ran along unquenched, untired.

Then men, their country's ornament and pride,
For freedom fought and bled, for freedom died.
'To cleanse Columbia of that tyrant band,
The ploughman left the ploughshare, seized the brand,
The statesman for the gun, the pen resigned ;
And young and old, and rich and poor combined,
Left home and fireside for the battle-field,
Resolved to die or conquer, ne'er to yield ;
Resolved to drive the oppressor from the land :
And though but few, that brave, undaunted band
O'ercame the tyrant in his strength and might,
And conquered, for their cause was just and right,
That prayer for aid was answered, they sustained,
By God's assistance, Independence gained,
And left to us, whose proudest boast should be—
Our fathers died to set their country free.

THE FUTURE.

 HE dim and shadowy Future!—who can say
What is the Future? Not one single day
Canst thou, O mortal, scan the great “To
Come!”

We know the grave must be our final home
Upon this earth, and that is all we know;
Along the past we look—as o’er the snow
The weary traveller, turning, views each mark
His foot has made distinct;—but through the dark
Unknown Futurity, thou canst not peer.
Believe! Make Hope thy guide, and let her cheer
Thy onward way; look upward to thy God,
Nor strive to look beyond!—And when the sod
Covers the clay that now confines thy soul,
His hand shall guide thee to the wished-for goal!
Trusting in Him alone; learn from the Past
To shun the snares that sin would ’round thee cast;

Make of thy former life a well-read book,—
Inscribe it on thy heart, that thou mayst look
Upon its page whene'er thy footsteps stray ;
Make it a finger-post to point the way
That thou must follow !—Read the Past aright,—
'Twill be a beacon in the darkest night,
To light the narrow path that thou shouldst tread ;
The Past is for the living, not the dead !

See yonder monument that towers on high !
'Tis not alone to tell the passer by
Some patriot, sage, or hero, lies beneath,
For whom 'twas raised. And for the laurel wreath
What cares the dead ? He cannot see it now ;
He cannot wear upon his worm-seared brow
The marble chaplet that is chiselled here
Upon the stone ; or feel the grateful tear
We drop upon the flower that blossoms o'er
His lifeless form. His boat is launched from shore
Upon that fathomless and unknown sea—
The boundless ocean of Eternity !
Come ; read with me the epitaph,—'twill speak
Volumes of richest teachings. Let us seek
To know the reason why such costly pile
Tells of the dead. What ! Cynic, dost thou smile—
As if the grave-yard could no lesson tell
To such as thee ?—Go thou, and read it well ;

'Grave every epitaph upon thy heart,
'Twill make thee happier, wiser, than thou art.
Read this : " He was a good and honest man ;"
Read, aye, and emulate him, if you can,—
" He loved his country, and for her he died."
Is there no lesson here ? See, far and wide,
Your country torn by faction, and for what ?
Oh ! have ye all so speedily forgot
The sea of holy blood your Fathers shed ?
Tear down your monuments, disentomb your dead,
Scatter their ashes to the winds of Heaven !
Revile their names, and ye may be forgiven,—
But, the great Fabric they erected, spare !
Forbear !—deluded Fools ! In time, forbear !
Once severed, ye can never more unite
The glorious chain your Fathers forged so bright !
Break but one link and every hope is gone,—
Not e'en the strongest State can stand alone !
What ! shall our flag—the banner of the free—
Be furled forever o'er the boundless sea !
And wave no more in glory o'er the land ?
Say, would ye on your Fathers' memory brand
The damning tale that they so bravely fought,
Through long, long years, and bled and died for naught ?
Wouldst rend asunder every well-known stripe !—
Blot out each star ? Vile Traitors ! would ye wipe

From off the book of Nations what has been,—
The noblest page that book has ever seen,—
And give one only stripe to every State—
One only star? Pause, ere it be too late!
Think what ye do! Look backward o'er the Past,—
Read there thy country's welfare,—bind her fast
In loving bonds of Union! let the sun
Of Liberty its course of glory run.
Columbia!—My loved country, rise again
From thy debasement! Wash away the stain
That sullies the bright radiance of thy face!
Curfed be thy sons that would their land disgrace!
Still may thy glorious standard float unfurled,
Ever the pride and glory of the world!

THE TEMPLE OF WAR, AND THE TEMPLE OF PEACE.



ARK ! to the shout that wakes the Eastern world !

The flag of battle is again unfurled.

From Albion's snow-white cliffs, from Gallia's
plain,

See steel-clad warriors pressing o'er the main ;

From gallant navies floating, see advance

St. GEORGE's standard and the flag of France,

Foemen for ages, now as friends they fight,

Their mutual war-cry, " GOD defend the right ! "

Hark ! how with startling clang and horrid jar,

All rusted o'er by peace, the iron bar

That closed the gates of JANUS falls to earth.

From its wide portals opened hasten forth

The turbaned Moslem, and a host of spears

From Danube's bank, and giant cuirassiers,


Mounted on coal-black steeds of Norman blood,
 Champing the bit impatient. Now the road
 Shakes 'neath the wheels of a long rumbling train
 From Strasbourg's arsenal. A martial strain
 Comes floating on the breeze ; then hasten on
 A host of bearded Cossacks of the Don ;
 "GOD and our Church !" their watchword. Next
 appear

The unarmed millions, betwixt hope and fear,
 Straining their fetters, burning to be free,
 And eager to revenge long years of tyranny.
 But all in vain the eye essays to scan
 The countless throng, though foremost in the van,
 And mingling here and there along the line,
 The Crescent and the Cross their folds entwine
 In loving union. Wondrous sight to see,
 Christian and Turk arrayed in harmony
 Against a Christian foe, whose hated thrall
 Is fraught with equal danger to them all !

The vision changes, and with glad surprise,
 Another picture greets our wond'ring eyes ;
 Another temple's gates are oped to-day,
 And to its portals flock a long array
 Of peaceful warriors, struggling to be first
 In every art and science. They have nursed

Full many an infant thought, till it has grown
A thing of good to all ; men who have known
What 'twas to fight and win—a noble band,
From distant climes and our dear native land.
Through the long galleries and aisles we scan
The inventive power and master-mind of man ;
Lift to the busy spindles' ceaseless hum,
Singing a song of peace ! The gorgeous loom
Suspends on every side with lavish hand
The trophies of a battle far more grand
Than victory ever smiled on. Here we find
The bloodless conquests of the immortal mind ;
The embodied toil of thousands here we view,
Showing what heads can plan and hands can do.
Each art has lent its proudest works to grace
And scatters gems of beauty o'er the place :
The fields, the woods, the flocks, the sea, the mine,
Their varied gifts bestow, and all combine
To please and to instruct. Raise high the strain,
And let the dome reëcho back again
Our song of triumph for the struggle past,
For trials o'er, success achieved at last !

A COMETARY.

 YSTERIOUS stranger, startling each star-gazer!

Oh, most *ex-orb-itant* celestial blazer!

Tell me, I pray, of your sidereal status:

Belong you to the *posse comet-atus*

Of heavenly spheres, enrolled to keep the peace—

(“*Argo*,” a member of the Golden Fleece?)

But stars no longer serve in the police,

So this can't be. I think I've found you out:

You've been *tale-bearing* 'mid the stars, no doubt,

Or, much the same, perchance in Leslie's pay,

You've been illumining the Milky Way.

Have you made Jupiter of Juno jealous?

Earth wants enlightening, so in Latin *tellus*,


Quæ fit cometa nemo sibi fortè,

Contentus est? Evenit sæpe fortè.

A *parallax* of rupees for an answer,
 By *Gemini*, explain it if you *Cancer* !
 Have you been serenading female stars ?
 To the intense disgust of pa's and *Mars*,
 Who think your sparking round a base intrusion,
 Your kisses but *elliptical* delusion ?
 It may be you've eclipsed that thievish hero,
 And some cold night sent *Mercury* towards Zero.
 Or, did you wink at Venus and enrage her—
 At least you're pointed at by *Ursa Major*.
 Don't hope to *parse* me with your *declination*,
 I'm bent in-*tense*-ly on an explanation,
 You cannot hide, as through the heavens you fail ;
 That you're a star, and *thereby hangs a tale*.
 I've *Saturn* hour waiting for your story,
 Though *non-Comet-al*, be *ex-planet-ory*.
 I fear you've risen above your proper station,
 By *mean attraction* gained your *elevation*,
 For some *specific* cause assumed your *gravity* ;
 I see both through yourself and your depravity.
 Why thus persist in such *eccentric* courses ?
 Are they internal or external forces
 That guide your actions as through space you roll ?
 Do you revolve on a magnetic pole
 Like this same world of ours ? I hope I *axis*
 A proper question, for belief it taxes

To think you wander in this course erratic
Without *plane* reason. Are you *systematic*
In what you do? There now, you're out of fight
Without so much as bidding me good night.
That's very rude, but yet I gather from it,
You mean to tell me that I cannot *comet*.

THE SEXTON.

E who reflects on
The trade of a sexton,
Doubtless will agree
'Tis of any calling
The most appalling,
That possibly can be.

Air crematical,
Emblematical
Of his mournful trade,
Voice funereal,
Half ministerial,
Half a ring of the spade.

At font baptifmal,
Not as yet difmal,
 He takes his wonted place,
Sedately liftening
To every chriftening
 With kind, paternal face.

Next at the wedding,
Moft proudly treading,
 Seeming their joy to fhare,
With beaming fmile,
Along the aisle,
 He ufhers the happy pair.

To each phyfician
He bows with fubmiffion,
 And hands a black-edged card;
“If it comes in your way, fir,
A word pleafe fay, fir,
 For me: the times are hard.

“We’re both of a trade—
Scalpel and fpade
 Follow each other faft;
When you get through, fir,
My work I’ll do, fir,
 And truſt me it will laſt.

“Shrouds, coffins, hearfes,
To fuit all purfes,
 With gloves that never fit.
If you don’t like black
I’ll take them back
 In trade ; don’t mention it.”

He looks around him
As if, confound him,
 He dares not fay aloud :
“ ’Twill give me pleasure
To take your meafure
 And order for a fhroud.”


Black gloves his hands on
When he ftands on
 Ceremonial gloom ;
Head uncovered,
As if he hovered
 Still at the door of the tomb.

His eyes half clofing,
Not as if dozing,
 Standing by to drop,
With meafured dafhes,
The duft and afhes,
 Upon the coffin top.

He has his place
In life's long race
 From first to latest breath,
You'll find at last,
Run slow or fast,
 He's sure to be in at the death.

“Who'll be the next on
My books?” cries the sexton;
 “Ready by day or night;
Give me a call, fir—
Sign of the Pall, fir;
 Ring the small bell at the right.”

A SERENADE.

HE silver orb of night
Is shining mild above,
A fitting torch to light
The holy hour of love.
Then, dearest, wake!
For o'er the lake
Thy lover flies to meet thee,—
While to his oar
The answering shore
Sends echo back to greet thee.

Lift! how amid the trees
In heavenly murmur sighs
The love-song of the breeze,
And every leaf replies.

Then, love, let sleep,
No longer keep
Those bright eyes from thy lover,—
But lend their light
To glad the night,
Ere night's sweet reign is over.

Lift! how upon the strand
The rippling wavelets break;
They whisper to the land
The love-tale of the lake.
An hour like this
Is made for blifs,
Oh, leave me not forsaken,—
Below, above,
All, all is love,
Then 'waken, love, awaken!

NAIL OUR FLAG TO THE MAST.



AIL our flag to the mast! while the bunting is
new,

And our ship in the roadstead lies ready for
failing,

Her rigging is strong, and her compass is true,

And we fear not the foe or the tempests prevailing,

Her keel was well laid,

Her masts are well stayed,

And of live Yankee oak every timber is made ;

'Then wooed by the zephyr or rent by the blast,

We'll steer on our course with flag nailed to the mast.

Nail our flag to the mast, ere the breaking of day,

To catch the first beam of the sun at its rising ;

'Then our sails sheeted home, and the anchor aweigh,

We'll start from the land, every danger despising.

Though the fierce tempest wrack
 Follow fast on our track,
 Right onward we'll press, nor at danger look back;
 And over the billow our bark shall fly fast,
 With the stars and the stripes firmly nailed to the mast.

Nail our flag to the mast! then blow high or blow low,
 Come sunshine or storm, still that banner so peerless
 Shall wave o'er our heads as right onward we go,
 For our seamen are stanch and our captain is fearless.
 Though in shreds every sail
 Shall be rent by the gale,

Not a heart shall despond, not a cheek shall turn pale;
 But we'll work with a will till the danger is past,
 We're safe, come what may, with flag nailed to the mast.

Nail our flag to the mast! that all nations may know
 It floats over freemen who'll ever defend it,
 Will ne'er haul it down, though o'erwhelming the foe,
 Though the smoke may enshroud, though the war hail
 may rend it.

When the smoke clears away
 At the close of the fray,
 Our flag, though in tatters, we'll proudly display
 And e'en though we sink, still unconquered at last,
 We'll sink 'neath the wave with flag nailed to the mast.

Nail our flag to the mast ! 'Tis the flag of the free,
 While the deeds of our fathers are hallowed in story,
 Our standard a terror to tyrants shall be,
 To freemen a beacon of honor and glory.
 Spite of wind and of rain,
 On its folds not a stain,
 Our flag shall untarnished forever remain ;
 In peace or in war, from the first to the last,
 Dear country, speed on, with flag nailed to the mast.

Nail our flag to the mast ! In the morning of youth,
 Ere the sky of our life is o'erclouded by sorrow,
 Make Honor our watchword, our beacon-star Truth ;
 Let defeat for to-day teach success for to-morrow.
 Thus true to the end,
 When humbly we bend
 Our knee, and look upward in search of a friend,
 We'll find one aloft ever constant and fast
 To the man who through life nails his flag to the mast.

SPRING TIME.

SPRING time is coming, all laden with flowers,
Spreading her mantle of green o'er the bowers.
The lark, high in air, is beginning to sing
Her song of rejoicing, to welcome the Spring.
 Brooks are flowing,
 Life bestowing,
 Lovely Nature seems to fling
 All her charms,
 With willing arms,
 In the lap of blooming Spring.

Silver-haired Winter before her is flying,
In the depths of the valley unwept he is dying,—
Save the tears of compassion that pity may wring
From the bright eyes of April—the infant of Spring.

Birds are mating,
Bliss relating,
In each tuneful strain they sing;
Haste, then, dearest!
Love seems nearest,
Holiest, brightest, in the Spring.

THE YACHTMAN'S SONG.



WAKE, boys, awake ! 'Tis the dawning of day,
The signal is flying, and we must away ;
The breeze is fast lifting the mists from the sea,
And, like smoke-wreaths, they're drifting away
on our lee.

Quick, loose all your sails, let the halyards be manned,
And hoist away briskly, boys, hand over hand ;
Now jump to the windlafs, belay, boys, belay !
Heave hard, now she breaks, and the anchor's away.

Then pass round the bottle, a bumper we'll drain ;
Fill high every goblet with foaming champagne ;
And aye, as we drink, boys, our toast it shall be—
The girls that we love, and a life on the sea.

A hand by the helm, up the jib, aft the sheet ;
The wind is ahead, down the bay we must beat,
But we'll skim o'er the wave, in the eye of the gale,
While the spray dashes high in the luff of our sail.

Keep her close to the wind, we are nearing the shore;
And, hark, on the strand how the loud breakers roar.
Quick ready about, put your helm hard a-lee;
Let fly your jib-sheet, round she comes merrily.

Then pass round the bottle, &c., &c.


See, see, boys, the wind is beginning to veer;
Ease off every sheet, on our course we can steer;
Get your square-sail across, on your main boom a guy,
Hurrah, boys, hurrah, like a sea-bird we fly.
The wind blows more fresh, and the storm-scurd flies low,
Quick, reef every sail, the mast bends like a bow.
Our gallant craft heeds not, though tempests may rave,
And the lightning with plumes tip the caps of the wave.

Then pass round the bottle, &c., &c.

At last, boys, the long wished for haven we near;
Our friends on the shore greet our gun with a cheer;
The anchor let go, slow swinging round to the tide,
Furl the sails, coil the ropes, and securely we ride.
Three cheers for our yacht, boys, three cheers for our
crew,
Three cheers for our flag, boys, the red, white, and blue;
Three cheers for our club, boys, and as for the rest,
Hurrah, boys, hurrah for the girls we love best.

Then pass round the bottle, &c., &c.

S A M .

 H, my name it is Sam, and my Uncle, d'ye see,
Is known very well to the world far and near,—
For he's broad and he's long,
And he's tough and he's strong,
And he never does wrong,
And he never knows fear.

He grows very fast, does my Uncle, d'ye see,
Though but a child yet, ne'er a giant's as tall,
And he's bound to expand
O'er the sea and the land,
And he'll ne'er stop his hand,
Till he's gathered it all.

He never says die, does my Uncle, d'ye see,
Ne'er knows when he's whipped, for he never was
taught it,

And when he is right,
He'll continue to fight
Through the day, through the night,
Till the foeman has caught it.

He's a regular brick, is my Uncle, d'ye see,
And he's bid all the world to his boundless possessions,
Both the small and the great,
So I fear it's too late
To shut down the gate,
And shut out their aggressions.

TEDDY O'MURPHY.



AM Teddy O'Murphy by name,

My affections will yet be the death of me,—

From the County of Kerry I came,

For 'twas there that I first drew the breath
of me.

I've a fondness for sweet mountain dew,

A weakness for backy, I'm thinking,

For plenty of nothing to do,

Save constantly eating and drinking.

My affections I place on the sex,

Whenever I have opportunity ;

And I'd like very well to annex

That part of the Mormon community.


Who my first sweetheart was, I forget,—
'Twas Kate Dennis or Peggy O'Brien,—
The one is a spinster as yet,
The other ran off with Pat Ryan.

I next courted Molly McGee,
And I swear that I loved her distractedly ;
But I quickly got tired, you see,
The courting went on so protractedly.
My next flame was Bridget O'Toole,
And she was the height of benignity,
But she handled a three-legged stool
In a way that offended my dignity.

Now Bridget is Mistress O'Flynn,
Kate Dennis is Widow O'Mopperty,
With three strapping girls and one twin,
While Peggy's another man's property.
But there's fish as good left in the sea,
If a man only knows how to capture them ;
And the girls are all waiting for me,—
Och, Teddy's the boy to enrapture them.

SONGS, ETC., FROM RIP VAN
WINKLE.

Chorus of Spirits.

VENING is falling o'er meadow and lea,
Flinging its shadow o'er rock and o'er tree ;
Clouds too are rising to darken the scene,
Veiling the heavens where stars should be seen ;
At such a time, 'tis ours to come
From the portals of the tomb,
From our far off spirit home.
Whether it be
Beneath the sea,
Or whether we lay
In grave yard clay,
Then gather ! gather ! gather !
Spirits of the dead ;
Gather ! gather ! gather !
From your grass-grown bed ;

Gather from the well-filled graves
 Dotting hill and plain;
Gather from the ocean caves
 Where ye long have lain
'Neath the waves.

The storm King now marshals his legions on high,
On the wings of the lightning he rides through the sky;
Lift to the thunder, that bellows afar,
'Tis the found of the wheels of his terrible car;
Summoned every twentieth year,
When the leaf falls yellow and fere,
Brother spirits we must gather here.
 Come from the hills!
 Come from the rills!
 Come from the graves!
 Come from the waves!
Then gather, gather, gather
 'Neath the lightnings bright;
Gather, gather, gather
 With us here to-night;
Gather on the mountain side,
 Let us merry be,
Make them echo far and wide
 With our jollity
At even tide.

Song.

The day is done,
The setting sun
Has faded in the west ;
The stars of night
Are shining bright,
The birds are gone to rest.
Then brothers dear,
Come gather here,
Each anxious thought resign ;
We'll drink the fair,
And drown all care
In the sparkling tears of the vine.

We'll banish gloom
Till morning come ;
Though clouds of sorrow lower,
Your goblet fill,
And every ill
Shall own its magic power.
This night shall glee
Triumphant be,

And rosy wreaths entwine,
To crown the bowl,
And glad the soul
In the sparkling tears of the vine.

Till death draws near,
We'll gather here,
And quaff the cup of gladness ;
Though fortune frown,
In wine we'll drown,
Ere breathed, the sigh of sadness.
And when at length,
With fading strength,
Our life we must resign,
To memories past,
We'll drink our last,
In the sparkling tears of the vine.

Ballad.

When circled round in youth's glad spring
With friends we love and hearts we prize,
When buds of hope are blossoming,
And all seems bright as summer skies,

Sweet birds sing out from bush and spray
While gayly pass the fleeting hours,
As down the path of life we stray,
We leave the thorns, but pluck the flowers.

But all too soon the spring is gone,
And hope with youth and spring departs ;
The winter winds life's path have strown
With withered leaves and withered hearts.
And though in mem'ry oft we tread
Along the joyous past again,
We weep for friends and flowers all dead,
Sorrow and thorns alone remain.

Prayer.

Protecting power, on thee I call ;
To thee for aid I humbly pray ;
Surrounding fears my heart appall,
Which thou alone canst drive away.
My sinking spirit has no guide,
Save thee alone, and only thee ;
I am bereft of all beside ;
Protecting power, oh pity me.

Low before thy footstool bending,
Hear the humble prayer ascending !
God of battles thou defending,
Vict'ry shall our conflict crown.
By the tears of widows weeping !
By the blood of freemen sleeping !
Take our country to thy keeping !
On thy suppliants, Lord, look down.

Chorus.

God of battles, hear our prayer !
Low before thy throne we bow ;
Shield us 'neath thy guardian care,
Lift our supplications now !

God of battles, aid our land !
Save us in this trying hour,
Support the self-devoted band
From oppression's mighty power.

God of battles, hear our vow !
Be it registered on high ;
We will free our country now,
Or unconquered bravely die !

Song.

Come, gather round, my comrades brave,
And fill each goblet high ;
One moment let us turn away
From thoughts of battle nigh.
And as we each our goblet drain,
Let memory remind us,
And give a tear to those so dear,
The friends we've left behind us.

Then be the toast " To absent friends !"
And let the cup run o'er,
For we, perchance, may never hear
Their loving voices more.
To-morrow dying on the field,
The setting sun may find us ;
But we shall fall, beloved by all
The friends we've left behind us.

Camp Song.

Hurrah for the life the foldier leads,
When he fights in his country's cause ;
His sword, the only friend he needs,
At Freedom's call he draws.

When the weary march of the day is done,
We halt and encamp for the night
By some river's side, where the setting sun
Gilds the stream with its dying light.

We pitch our tents 'neath the spreading trees,
And light our cheerful fires ;
To whose flame the circling insect flees,
And, kissing its death, expires.

We station the watch, lest the foe should come
While the worn-out camp reposes ;
Then we gather in groups and talk of home,
Till the tired eyelid closes.

With the sun we rise, then away we speed,
And ere long are in the battle ;
On the foe we press, and little heed
Death-shots that round us rattle.

At beat of drum, when the fight is done,
We count our lessened number—
And we join in the shout for battle won,
A tear for the brave who slumber.

Chorus.

Spread our banners to the wind,
For our glorious task is done ;
Chains no more Columbia bind,
Freedom's sons have fought and won.
Our starry flag waves proudly o'er us,
Days of peace rise bright before us,
Echo answers back the chorus,
Union, Freedom, Washington.

Weep not for the brave who died—
In their country's cause they fell :
Let the tears of grief be dried—
In their country's heart they dwell.
They have gained immortal glory,
Theirs is an undying story ;
Smiling youth and grandfire hoary,
Of their glorious deeds shall tell.

Ballad.

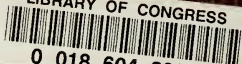
Alone, all alone, in this wide world of sorrow,
No kind friend to comfort, no children to cheer,
No joy for to-day and no hope for to-morrow,
And gone is each heart that I ever held dear.

All the friends of my youth one by one have departed—
The tomb-stones repeat the sad tale that they died ;
My wife, too, is gone, and ere long, broken-hearted,
I shall tranquil repose in the grave by her side.

Ah, say, are there none that will greet me with gladness ?
Are there none to remind me of happy days past ?
No, all, all are gone that would grieve at my sadness—
Then welcome the tomb that receives me at last.

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Rhymings